

cool?

atlas

Hey yo
Little funny story
Mister autumnkeys himself - the man behind the boards actually
went by atlas when he was growing up and he still does so, I guess
now we're the two atlas' of Soundcloud
Well, aside from the seventy other ones but, uh
Quick shout-out to him and then I wanted to give a shout-out to
Corbin/Korben, Erik/Eric, Garrison, Bennett, Bell, Chloe, James,
Goldblue, Danny, Joey, Darcy, Halle and anybody else who I might
be forgetting cause' you're all the people who make life pretty sick
Thanks

I've been reading more lately
Opened a couple books If on a Winter's Night a Traveler yea
That shit was overlooked
Turned on my old PC, looked through my older photos, dug out Po
kémon Silver and thought I'd go see Johto
But you never know though, these things could be different
Ask yourself of you made a song, Would he listen?
Is the past really the past if you looked forward to it?
And... could golf be an art form if you put more into it?
I made an entire album out of stolen beats - uploaded it to Meg
ashare and torrented the MP3s, cause' that's just my style; tha
t's my aesthetic bro
You got a problem, you should let it go
I had a lot of dreams when I was growing up - a lot of Polaroid
s remaining undeveloped Imma' hold em' up
I got a darkroom in my basement it's a thinking chamber - meet
me there
Matter of fact I'll see you later (yea)

Is that polite or impolite? The simple life I'm living right, f
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I was rifling through my record collection, trynna find some sm
ooth jazz so I could make a connection
I was looking for some Louis, stumbled on some Coltrane [?] met
my eye but I decided that was so plain
An old hat, you can't redesign or mold that - into new imagery,
you hold back yourself from the goldmine of wealth that is art
istry so pardon me I'm on the better health until the reaper me
ets his target see, reaching this catharsis seems to shatter an
y mortal man, likewise I was on the couch playing Portal and pr

obably texting Addison and Claire about the music's meeting - painting the insides of my skull with this new graffiti
But don't you get it, it's an ocean I've been lost in since I stumbled on the vinyl plates as if I had been dropped into the grooves and sat to talk with the wavelengths and frequency and all those conversations of stay true to speak with me
Thank you, my decency